

THE
British Alisions
OR,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Sen.
Being TWELVE
PROPHESIES
FOR THE
YEAR 1711.

Enter'd into the Hall-Book of the Company of
STATIONERS.

Printed in the *North*, and Reprinted at *London*,
and Sold by J. BAKER at the *Black-Boy* in *Pa-*
ter-Noster-Row, 1711.

(Price 2 d.)

Val. A4 e. 3004

79-80/1381



THE P R E F A C E.

IN the Year 1711, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; the Prophet, who formerly Prophesied and Foretold you so many Remarkable Things, viz. in the Year 1707; all which, as is well known, are most exactly come to pass; and having by my Knowledge and Acquaintance for above One Hundred Years with the Stars, and with utmost diligence applied my self to know by the Aspects of Heavenly Bodies and other Methods; also what shall happen on the Earth. I say, that I the aforesaid Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; am moved, as well by Astrological Vision, as the especial Genius of those Powers which influences human Bodies, to make known to the World what shall come to pass.

By this Prophetick Skill, I once amongst other well known Events Predicted and Foretold you, That John Partridge the Almanack-maker should Die, and be Buried on, or before such a day of the Month, which, as you all know, came to pass to a Moment.

Having therefore obtained such an undoubted Skill and Judgment in these most useful and advantageous Things: I can no longer refrain from letting my Country-men of this Nation, know the great Revolutions of Kingdoms and States, and the dreadful Things that shall suddenly come to pass in the Earth. I am also the more earnestly moved to this great and wonderful Undertaking, because it is revealed to me by the same wonderful Prophetick Skill, that such great and terrible Things, such surprising Events, and such Desolations, are preparing in the World, and shall come to pass this ensuing Year, as were never seen by the Eyes of any Living, or would enter into the Conceptions of any Man to foretell, had they not by an extraordinary acquired Skill in knowing and determining such Things, been foreseen by me Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; Sen.

And thus, honest Reader, being nothing doubting of thy diligent Attention to what I shall Prophesy, I bid thee Farewell.

*The British Visions ; or, Isaac Bickerstaff's
Twelve Prophecies for the Year, 1711.*

PROPHETIC I.

I Shall begin my Years of Wonders as the Course of Nature begins it ; Councils and Confederacies act all the Courts and Princes of *Europe*, and the time of Year is only for such Things ; but as here the Seeds of Blood are sown, the plentiful Crop that is to follow, derives from and is produced by the Private Combinations of Men and Devils to disturb the World.

Three Scenes of Council shall this Month discover themselves in the World, what the Production or Effects shall be of either of them, I shall farther lay open in my next ; these are Councils in this Nation, Councils of *France*, Councils of *Mahomet*.

The Councils of this Nation shall produce great Strife, Faction and Malecontent stirs, with Heat and Animosities among the several Parties that are among us, to the great Encouragement of our Enemies, and to the great Discouragement of good Men ; yet the Calmness and Prudence of some shall lessen, or at least protract the Danger for a while ; Disputes of Ecclesiastick Affairs shall embroil this Island, and those People who regard neither God nor Devil, shall make the greatest stir about Religion, every Church (however safe) cries out they are in danger, and the Debauchees of the Nation learn to play the Pharisee, and say to their Neighbour, *Stand off, I am holier than thou.*

Let *Europe* tremble at what is contriving now in the Cabinets of Princes, which, like the Seeds of Dispensers

pers in the Body, will quickly break out in Feavors, Fluxes, Cankers, Calentures, and all the Symbols of the Bodily Distempers of Men in the Politicks of Nations.

France consults now how to support *Spain*, embroil the Emperor, bring home the *Swede*, restore *Bavaria*, doze *Savoy*, fright the *Dutch*, and divide the *English*, and he will in some Measure accomplish them all.

The *Turk* consults how to humble the *Muscovite*, subject the *Pole*, and keep fast the King of *Sweden*; but the *Swede* will make a *Cats Foot* of the *Turk*, play him a slippery Trick, get out of his hands, and leave him to fight with the *Muscovites* and *Poles*, where the War shall be bloody, cruel, successful to neither side, and only useful to shew God's Judgments on both.

P R O P H E C Y II.

After Consultations comes Preparation, this takes up all *Europe*, with the Return of the Spring, every Nation Struggles with themselves to make their Preparations for War formidable, and with one another to be first ready for the Bloody Work they are about.

The Confederates attempt vigorously to succour King *Charles* in *Spain*, but, *O the Success!* — *Spain* not yet ripe for Deliverance resists her Friends, embraces her Enemies, and struggles hard against what she believes she must at last submit to.

But this is not the Generation that must enjoy the Fruit of this Strife, the Chiefs fight for the Possession, neither part obtain it, both take their long Journey before the War is over, and the Game at *Chess* is left to Posterity to play it out. *Philip* goes first, *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Elder, having the Second fight, see the famous Mausoleum for the young Hero of *Bourbon* in the *Escurial* at *Madrid*, and there lies the hope of a Crown, yet the *French* Monarch with the same *Obstinacy* supports the War, maintains the Breach, and prompts the *Spaniards*

will to defend themselves against their own Happiness. Philip before he dies fights three Battles with the Confederates, and is Victor in two of them, but dies in *May*, and leaves the War to be carried on with less Success than before; should it be left to the Merits of the Persons, Philip deserves the Crown of *Spain*, far better than *Ch-s*, as he appears active, valiant, brave, and unwearied in the Face of his Enemies, however he dies King, and Sleeps in Peace, tho' he never Reigned so.

Now the *Swedes* prepare to break out of *Pomeren*, and it appears that *France* and the *Swedes* are in a strict Confederacy, and they shall be more fatal to *Europe* than the League with the *Turk*.

The *Swedes* sending Forces from *Stockholm* carry the Plague into *Pomerania*, from whence it spreads to the utmost Corners of *Europe*; Kings and Emperors, shall flye from this dreadful Enemy, but find no Recess; Plague finds them out, and as War spreads, Pestilence goes hand in hand, and both shall consume and destroy without Mercy.

Europe is all busie in fitting out their Armies, the Drums beat in every Kingdom for Soldiers, not a Prince or State in this whole part of the World, but shall be embark'd in the Quarrels of *Europe*, and be engag'd in War either as Principal or as Auxiliary.

The Armies of *France* and *Spain* are in the Field first, and much Blood shall be shed in *Spain* before the end of *February*. The Confederates Struggle hard, but Things do not answer the Expence.

PROPHETY III.

The Preparations for War are finish'd, now the Troops on all sides appear in the Field; a third Battle in *Spain*-- Philip's Forces flye in their Turn, tho' no great advantage made of the Victory. In *March* the *French* make two great Efforts upon the *Rhine*, one to join the *Swede*, who Marches towards the *Elbe*, and the *French* towards *Saxony*; the other towards *Bavaria*, and the *Germans* in no readiness to receive them, suffer all manner of Mischiefs.

The

The Dauphin of France dies ; the Pope sickens and is very weak ; the Duke of Savoy relapses ; but the King of France more vigorous than ever, pushes all before him the beginning of Summer.

A great Prodigy appears in the East ; two Kings兢兢 to make it appear which was the better Christian, he that changed his Religion to gain a Crown, or he that flies to Mahomet to recover his Crown. The Turks advance now in three great Armies, and one Battle is fought before the end of March, in which the King of Sweden gains some ground, but is wounded in the Action, and makes no Advantage of the Battle.

Now the miserable Fate of Europe approaches, the War begins in Poland, Muscovy, Hungary, on the Rhine, and in Spain. In Flanders and Savoy they cannot be ready so soon.

A great Battle on the Frontiers of Portugal, in which the Portuguese do as they use to do, viz. run away ; the Spaniards ravage Portugal, ruin three Provinces ; if these were not Portuguese, the Spaniards had not had the Victory ; and if these were not Spaniards, the Portuguese would be no more a Kingdom, but the sloth of the Spaniards saves Portugal till England relieve her.

A great Minister of State dies in the Month of March. England feels great want of Trade, great want of Money, and great loss of Credit, which puts her to many Inconveniences ; but let her prepare for worse Things than these.

PROPHET IV.

Note, In this place in the Original Manuscript, the following Paragraph was Inserted, which the Printer in the North declin'd to put in, for fear of giving Offence.

The Words are these,

" The House of Austria feels a Blow this Month,
 " which Changes the Measures of Europe ; The
 " Emperor resigns to Fate ; and the Choice both of
 " a new Emperor, and new King of Spain, takes up
 " the Consultations of all the Courts in Christen-
 " dom.

The Empire feels hard Things, beset on every side, and weak in Arms, as well as confused in Council, the Swedes and the French invade Bavaria; the Hungarians supported by the Turks recover all they have lost in Hungary; the French make a terrible Eruption over the Rhine; the Circles of Swabia and Franconia suffer incredible Evils, and Blood, Famine, and Pestilence, rages over the Empire.

The Duke of Bavaria restored to his Dominions by the French, dies of the Plague in April, and the Affairs of that Electorate come to some Settlement by the succeeding of his Son, who has other Things to mind than War. The Elector of Cologn, Brother to the Bavarian, goes to see his Brother reinstated, but lives not to return to his own Priucipality.

The Emperor retreats from Vienna for fear of the Turks and Hungarians, and goes to Prague, but the Plague gets into Bohemia, and separates the Imperial Court: some great Princes die of that Distemper also.

In the Month of April a great City in Flanders besieged by the French, but the Confederates coming on, they raise their Siege; they are made amends by surprizing another strong Town in the middle of the Day. A Bloody Action in Flanders between part of the Armies, in which the French seem to have the Advantage, but decline coming to a decisive Battle, and draw off from the Field. Death in this Battle puts an end to the Ambition of two or three great Men on either side. Bonfliers lies now in the Bed of Honour, and his Grace shall bear him Company into the other World, so he that was envied before shall be pitied now for want of a Rival.

In the same April King Philip's Forces Bombard Barcelo-na, but Relief comes to King Charles, and in his turn he chases them; now the Face of Things change in Spain, and Philip's Fate approaches.

The Danes now prepare to invade Schonen, and make another fruitless Attempt upon the King of Sweden's Countries, from whence they are again beaten, and bring back

back Poverty and the Plague, which not only visits their Capital City, but makes sad havock in their Court, not excepting the Royal Family.

The King of *P* — demits his Crown in favour of his Son, and submits to go the way of all Princes. This Year is fatal to Crown'd Heads.

PROPHETY V.

Now *Europe* begins to Tremble, the People find an Employment different from the War, the Living having Work enough to Bury their Dead.

By the end of *May* the various kinds of this new Plague has Touch'd most parts of *Europe*. The *Swedes* as before bring it to *Pomeren*, thence they carry it to *Saxony* (*Via Brandenburgh*) the *Saxons* give it to the *Bohemians*, the *Bohemians* to the *Bararians*, they to the *Grisons*, and they again to the *Swiss*.

The *Hungarians* bring it another way from *Poland*, and carrying it into *Croatia*, it Crosses the *Adriatick* to *Italy*, and siezes upon the *Venetian*; from thence it pushes into *Milan*, and visiting *Turin*, it passes thro' *Rome* to the Kingdom of *Naples*, and in spight of the interruption of Commerce by the War, crosses over into *Sicily*.

Innumerable Numbers of People shall perish by this desolating Distemper; yet the World, as if the Hand of Heaven did not, or could not, destroy them fast enough, still make War, and the Kings of the Earth apply themselves to their ruinous Designs, with as much fury as ever.

The King of *Sweden* now appears in his own Colours, and shall in the Month of *May* be in full march to enter *Poland*, if not *Germany*; but his Army consisting of many Nations, new raised and undisciplin'd, wastes away without much Fighting, and he may see that Heaven does not bless his Ambitious Designs with success answerable to his Expectations: Three of his greatest Generals, and in whom was his chief Confidence, die of the Plague; and tho' he gains some advantage, he can make no great use of it, his power being lessened by the other Accidents of War.

The

The *Turks* and the *Muscovite*, 150000 Men of a side draw towards one another, but the Decisive Stroke is not yet, many bloody Skirmishes happen between the *Tartars* and the *Cossacks* against the *Muscovite*.

The Month of *May* lays King *Philip* low in *Spain*, and *Charles* Triumphs over his Enemy a third time, but his Joy, like all Temporal things, is but of a small duration. The War in *Spain* costs much Money, much Blood, much Counsel, but does not fully answer our end: Many a brave *English* Man leaves his Bones in that Country, whose Blood might have been better spent.

Another Bloody Action between the Armies on the side of *Germany*, in which much Blood is lost, and both sides give *GOD* praise for being beaten.

This Year is a Year rather of Blood than of Victory, no *Bleinhim*, no *Pultowa*: No Decisive Battle happens anywhere on this side *Hungary*, yet more Men killed than would be in many such Battles.

P R O P H E C Y VI.

As the hot Weather comes on, Men's Blood grows warm, this subjects and exposes them to fatal mischiefs, the plague of War, and the War of Plague. *Italy* and *Germany* have by this time felt the fury of the Contagion, and dreadful Ravages have been made in all the populous Nations on that side.

Shall *Britain* be free! flatter not your selves with Expectations of it, many Plagues visit this Nation and whole Parties of Men suffer the Infection; all sorts of Men shall die, some politickly, some really; the Grave makes no Distinction of *Whigg* or *Tory*, *High* or *Low Church*. Three Bishops go off the Stage first, Dukes, Earls, Barons and Privy-Councillors follow; a great Rot falls among the Court-Sheep, and the Murrain upon the Stallions of this *Sodomitish* City. The Infection spares none: But alas, for the Shepherds of our Flocks! they fly, and leave their Flocks to be scatter'd.

But let them remember it from *Isaac Bickerstaff's* Words, the Shepherds that forsake the Sheep committed to their Charge,

Charge, shall fall in their flight, when those that stay shall remain. In this general Desolation it is not difficult for me to Name you Persons by Titles and Surnames, that shall be infected with Plagues of one sort and another, whose Eyes shall not see the end of these things, but the Number is too great, and you cannot bear the distinction of Persons at this time.

Let it be sufficient then to tell you, Your Desolation is beyond expression, and the Number, whose Carcasses shall fall in this Wilderness, is not to be Number'd.

Yet for the encouragement and support of the Poor, Heaven promises Plenty in the Fields, and there shall be no want of Bread ; Food shall encrease, tho' not the Mouths that feed on it ; and what the Sword or other Plagues shall devour, shall leave room for those that remain to Live with more abundance.

Yet for all these Terrors, Men shall not repent or abate their Divisions, their Animosities, their Wars, and pursuit of Blood over the Earth.

About this time, a terrible and bloody Battle happens between the *Swedes* and the *French* against the *Germans*, and much blood shed, but the Emperor's Affairs are not yet ripe for Deliverance ; and he must be a second time saved by the Protestant Allies, or be lost for good and all. The *French* now Master several Towns and large Territories, and if ever *Bavaria* is Restor'd, it's now.

But strange Resistance is preparing against those mischiefs, tho' no effect is seen this year, the next will produce something more effectual.

P R O P H E C Y VII.

Now the World, Ripe for Action, is altogether by the Ears, and Blood rages in all parts of *Europe* ; *France* has gone on with too much Success, but receives a check, vomits up much of his rapid Conquests, and by the vigour of the Confederates, is made to doubt whether he can keep his own or no, yet he stoops not to make offers of Peace, but swells with Pride and Revenge. *Germany* seems to be a general Scene of blood, and finds it next to impossible to avoid

avoid falling into the War with the *Turks*; the *Swedes* and *French* insult her in their Turn, and make three large Incisions into her most tender parts.

Sweden grows great, War and Dissaffection, together with want of Money and Strength, distresses the *Pole*, yet they Fight with Obstinacy against all: The *Muscovite* pushes the *Turk* in his Turn, and revives things on that side: But this Year decides not the Fate of *Poland*. The Protestant Interest gains nothing by this cruel War, either in *Germany*, *Silesia*, and *Hungaria*, yet hopes and promises support them, and they dispair not yet.

Spain lies still; now the Sun keeps the Peace there, the excessive heats give a recess from Action, and gives time to our ungovernable Soldiers to kill themselves with Eating ripe Grapes, Drinking new Wine, and gorging themselves with the Luscious Fruits of a Luxurious Climate. A new General and new Councils produce new effects there, but the Army suffers much by Diseases, for which we supply the Grave with new Recruits for the *Autum* Campaign.

A rich plentiful Harvest in *Britain* makes the Hearts of the Country glad, and *Britain* proves this Year the Granary of *Europe*; a great increase, and a good Market, revives our Commerce, but we want this Relief, for we have many Losses abroad, and dreadful Diseases at home, affecting the Bodies or Minds of the People.

PROPHETY VIII.

Among the several Armies that range *Europe*, none escape a most bloody Action but these in *Flanders*. The *Swedes*, the *Poles*, the *Muscovites*, the *Turks*, the *Germans*, make War, not after the new, but the old fashion, and Fight as it were by mutual consent whereever they meet; so that every Post now brings News of Battles, and Slaughter: About *August* the *Turks* and *Muscovites* Fight a terrible Battle, Victory mocks both sides, and both sides mock the World with their pretences to it, yet the *Turks* appear sooner in the Field again, and seem to feel the loss least, tho' they have most Men in the Roll of Slaughter.

If

If the real Plague spreads near us, it is this same Month, G O D preserve our populous Towns from such a stroke, the Desolation of, *Dantzick*, where yet they tell us a Fifth part of the People perish'd, will be a Flea-bite to what we must suffer, but the Prophet tells you, *If you escape this Year, you should not flatter your selves about the next*

Germany may expect a bloody Campaign, if the *Swedes* are beaten in *Poland*, for if that Monarch finds his Work hard on that side, he increases his Strength for diversion on another: *Denmark* seems this Year to borrow the old Character of the *Muscovites*, neither fit for War or Peace, for they make nothing of their Attempts any where, and are beaten every where.

A fruitless War upon the *Alps*, where Men fight with Mountains, and Rocks are frighted with Snow and Torrents of Water, struggle hard with Nature and Art, and go home with little or nothing.

PROPHETIX.

Spain moves again about *September*, and the Armies, tho' weaken'd by Fluxes and Feavers, draw out. Now! if at all *Charles's* Affairs revive, yet the *French* struggle hard, and part with what they lose but by Inches. Two bloody Actions weaken both sides, and they take breath a while, but *Charles's* gains Ground, tho' with great loss of Men.

France supplies *Spain* with Men, *Spain* *France* with Money. Great Advantages arrive from the Supplies, both receive from the *West Indian* Treasures, and great Losses befall some People the latter end of the Summer by Sea, to the Discouragement of Trade, and Ruin of the Merchants.

Another terrible battle in the Northern Countries; the *Muscovite* grows strong by being beaten, and the *Swede* weak by Victory. The *Turk* makes great Havock in *Europe*, and ravages great part of *Poland*. *Hungary* begins to stir, and the Emperor feels the Effects of suffering his Neighbours to grow too powerful, but is too weak

to

to do any thing considerable, having Enemies on every side.

France ends the Campaign inglorious on every side, and tho' he has not so much loss this year as he has formerly met with, yet finds himself languish under the Expence, his Kingdom wasting, exhausted and gasping, and makes Overtures of a Treaty, but it comes to nothing for want of Sincerity.

PROPHET X.

The Flux of Blood abates, the Season about *October* inclines the Parties, out of breath with a long Campaign, to draw off, and give over ; in *Dauphine* the *Germans* dare not stay to act on this side the *Alps*, or the *French* on the other for fear of being cut off from their Retreat by the Snow on the Mountains ; so they end the Campaign with mutual Loss, mutual Mischief, and having mutually done nothing worth Notice.

The *Swedes* push still on fighting against Elements as well as Enemies, with invincible Obsturacy, and resolve to Winter in the heart of *Poland* ; a Country wasted by War, and more likely to starve the Armies in their Quarters, than refresh them.

Cold weather freezes up the Plague, and the Desolations of that kind abate ; but let them not comfort themselves with the Notion of a Deliverance from it, because of an Intermission.

The Armies on the *Rhine* and in *Flanders* separate, and may cast up their Accounts if they please ; they find on every side Loss and Decay of Strength, much Blood, much Treasure spent, many Nations ravaged and ruined, and the end of the Campaign looks still but like the beginning of the War, yet *Spain* has no Recess, but both-sides prepare for a Winter War ; here we begin to see a new Turn, and King *Charles* may bid fair for a third Visit to *Madrid*, yet he keeps not all he gains ; and Treaty rather than Battle seems to be the end of that War at last.

PRO-

PROPHET XI.

The Generals now come home, make their Report, exalt the Merits of their own Actions, emulate and decry one another, and the Unfortunate bear the Load of ill Conduct, according to the Custom and Usage of Mankind.

The active part of the War being quite over they stand still, and take breath awhile, till the Winter Quarters being settled, the great Ones come to lay their Heads together for the next Year.

Some further Abortive Conceptions of Peace appear in the World, amuse the Parties a while, and then vanish again; yet on the one side of *Europe* a formal Treaty begins, is carried on with Cunning and Infidelity on both sides, and ends in renewing the War.

Spain is still the Seat of Action, we gain Ground, but lose a World of Men, and some Relief miscarries; which Disappointment retards the Proceedings, and baulks a very hopeful Prospect, yet they push hard, and have hopes of success; a great Province revolts and changes Hands, which gives a new Turn to Things; but want of strength delays finishing the Work this Year, and before that Defeat is supply'd, some Ground is lost again.

PROPHET XII.

Now the World enters into Council, Parliaments, Assemblies of Estates, Regencies, Divans, Grand Councils of War, meeting of Generals and Mareschals, take up all the Nations of *Europe*; nothing of Peace is heard among them, but carrying on the War with vigour is the Word, Taxes for raising Money, and Money for raising Men, filling of Magazines, refitting of Navies, and recruiting Armies is the Language of all this part of the World.

Would the great Men of *Europe* bring all their Accounts together, would they cast up their Accounts, and bring the Ballance of the whole to one foot of Profit and Loss,

the

The Madness of Mankind would appear monstrous, and to seem in its own Colours. A Million of Lives have been lost this Year by War, Pestilence and Famine. Vast Treasures exhausted beyond the possibility of Account. Countries wasted, Cities ruined, Villages burnt, Frontiers plundered, yet the Nations of Europe prepare to carry on the furious Quarrel, as if nothing but the Destruction of Mankind was in their Design. In Spain the War goes on still, and Winter gives no Recess; a warm Action concludes the Year, in which both sides suffer loss. The Confederates have the Advantage, yet no great gain is made of the Matter. The VVar is push'd on with great Animosity and Indefatigable Vigour of the Commanders with great loss of Blood on both sides; but this Year gives no View of the End.

The CONCL U S I O N.

Thus have I, Bickerstaff the Aged, given you a View of this fatal Year that is yet to come, the Sum of the Matter lies in a few Heads.

France gains at first by exerting her self with uncommon Vigour, but loses again both her Glory and her Advantages before the end of the Campaigna.

Britain is at a vast Expence, rather gains than loses, but not suitable to her Occasion any more than to her Expectation.

The Muscovite suffers vast Losses, yet gains Ground.

The Swedes gets Victory with little profit.

The Turks makes great Spoil with very little gain.

The Poles have some Advantages, by which they are ruined.

The Empire is delivered from Peace.

The Dane by want of Success delivered from the VVar.

On every side Europe is afflicted, plagued harassed and ravaged by the VVar, and yet sees no end of her Sorrows: What shall befall her in the year to come, shall be also foretold in its Season by me.

James Bickerstaff.

F I N I S.



